

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE.]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.]

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WHOLE NO. 190.

TERMS.
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without deviation, after the expiration of three months.
All Bills for Advertisements, Job-Work, or Subscriptions, considered due, when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.
Subscribers failing to order a discontinuance of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have subscribed, are considered as wishing to renew; and it will be continued to them accordingly.
No Paper will be sent out of the county unless paid for in advance.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per Square of Twelve Lines or Less, for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
Persons advertising by the year, will be charged Thirty Dollars for a whole column, Twenty Dollars for one-half; Ten Dollars for one-quarter. No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.
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Advertisements of a personal nature, invariably charged double price.
Job Printing, of ALL kinds, neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.
No Paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

Gleanings from our Exchanges, With Editorial Sprinklings.

MODEL ADVERTISEMENT.—The N. Jersey Standard, of the 4th inst., contains the following advertisement:

Wanted a Hostler.—The subscriber wishes to employ, at his place at Gowanus, Long Island, a first rate hostler, who has good experience in managing runaway horses. No one need apply who has ever been in the State Prison, or a member of the New Jersey Legislature.

GARRET H. HENDRICKSON.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.—The Boston (Mass.) Journal, of the 1st instant, says: Last evening, at 7 o'clock, that being the appointed time for the ending of all sublimity things, according to the Millrite belief, some forty of the believers in that doctrine assembled at the corner of Fourth and C Streets, South Boston, arrayed in white robes, and anxiously awaited the moment when they should make their grand ascension. Whether they are still waiting we know not, but they were certainly disappointed in their expectations of "going up," last evening.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.—WALKING ON RED HOT IRON PLATES.—Professor Pepper recently delivered a lecture in the Polytechnic Institute, London, before a large audience of mechanics, in which he remarked that the setting of the Thames on fire was no longer a joke but a reality. By dashing a small bottle of sulphuric ether with a few particles of metal potassium into a flat cistern a bright flame was produced which illuminated the whole place. He then laid down four plates of red hot iron on four bricks, and one of his attendants walked over them barefooted, without any injury. By wetting his fingers in ammonia, the Professor dipped them into a crucible of melted lead, and let the metal run off in the shape of bullets, into a shallow cistern of water.

CHANGE OF FASHION.—It is stated to be no longer fashionable in New York to trail a quarter of a yard of rich silk along the pavement, at the heels of a lady. The streets will be the fouler for the change of fashion.

A young lady in Paris lately made her fourth ascent in a balloon and landing in the country the rustics maltreated her as a witch.

The boss and journeyman tailors of Lexington are in a "muss" about wages. In the meanwhile, several weddings have been postponed, awaiting the compromise, so that the bridegrooms may be properly arrayed.

There are two thousand eight hundred drinking saloons in N. York.

A Duel in the Bush.

In the story of Emily Oxford, or Life in Australia, we find the following incident of Geo. Flower, a famous mounted policeman, who was sent out to hunt up a notorious bush ranger named Milligan:

He met Milligan as a fellow-ranger, who supposed Flower to be dead. After some conversation, Flower said: "Now, suppose a mounted policeman, or thief-taker—a fellow of real pluck—was to come upon you alone, and was to challenge you to surrender, what would you do? would you draw your trigger at once, and not give him a chance?"

"No," cried Milligan, "I'd tell him to stand off and have a fight for it." "Now, let us suppose," continued Flower, "that such a man as that George Fowler, the fellow that was drowned the other day, was to be in the same position with you as I am now!"

"I'd tell him," said Milligan, "that one of us must die, and challenge him to fight fair."

"How fight fair?"

"Why I'd ask him to measure off fifty yards, to walk backwards five and twenty paces, and let me do the same."

"And do you think he would do it?" "Yes, I do, for he was a man. I have often wished to see that fellow in the field; for what I most want in this life is excitement, and to be killed by the hand of a man like Flower or to escape by him in a fair field—either way would be something to suit me."

"Milligan," said Flower, slowly, "I believe every word you have uttered. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. I am George Flower!" Milligan started. He gazed on Flower, whose eyes were riveted on that of his adversary. Milligan's carbine dropped from his hand, but he did not change his color or betray any alarm.

"Pick up your piece," said Flower, pointing to the carbine, and assuming a proud and careless attitude. "I am all that you have said about me, Milligan. I might have shot you like a dog before I spoke to you just now; but I could not do that, for you are a man as well as myself, and you are as brave and generous. Pick up your piece and walk backwards five and twenty paces; but let us shake hands first." Milligan took Flower's hand, and sighed heavily as he shook it. "Do you not surrender?" suggested Flower, half fearful that Milligan would do so, and break the very charm that bound him to the man.

"Surrender?" cried Milligan, with a smile and a sneer, "no, I'll never do that. And knowing you to be a brave foe, I still have a chance for I can shoot as straight as you do. But tell me in earnest, are you George Flower? Yes, you must be. But hear this, (his blood began to warm,) if you are not, we must fight this day, for we cannot after this live together." And Milligan took up his carbine, and satisfied himself that there was powder in the pan, and with his left thumb he pushed the corner of the flint round so as to insure ignition, when he drew the trigger.

Flower placed his carbine against a huge stone, then put his hands in his pockets and looked at Milligan. "I am George Flower," said he, and "who but George Flower would deal with you as I do? Don't let us talk much or I may forget my mission and become a bush ranger myself." And Flower took up his carbine, and examined his pan and touched the flint as Milligan had done.

"Flower, for Flower you must be," said Milligan; "grant me, if you shoot me, one desire that has haunted me. I do not dread death, but I feel a horror of burial. If I fall, suffer me to lie on the very spot. Let the eagle come and feast on my carcass, pluck these eyes from their sockets and the skin from this brow; let me die here in this lonely region, and let my bones bleach in the sun, and the rain fall, and the moon and stars shine on them."

"My God," exclaimed Flower, seizing Milligan by the arm, "the same dread of burial has ever haunted me. If I fall by your hand let me rest here, with my head pillowed upon this gun. Let no man living be shown the spot where I fell."

"Take your ground," said Milligan, "I am ready."

"There is my hand," said Flower, "and should we meet in another world we shall not be ashamed of one another, my boy!"

"Tears were standing in the eyes of both Flower and Milligan when they parted. Each stepped backwards, pace for pace. Milligan followed by his terrier, Nettles. When they were about fifty yards apart, they halted and looked at each other for several minutes. Both simultaneously levelled their carbines, but each was disposed to be the first to fire. At last Milligan discharged his piece. He aimed at Flower's heart. His bullet whizzed passed Flower's head and carried away part of the left whisker. Flower fired, and Milligan fell flat on his face. The ball entered his left breast. Flower ran to the spot to catch any last word. Milligan might desire to breathe. But Milligan was dead.

A Business-Like Courtship.

There is a story extant about a five minutes' courtship between a thriving and busy merchant, of a watering-place in England, and a lady for whom, in conjunction with a deceased friend, he was trustee. The lady called at his counting-house, and said that her business was to consult him on the propriety or otherwise of her accepting an offer of marriage which she had received. Now, for the first time, occurred to the Bristol merchant the idea of this holy estate in his own case.

"Marriage," said he, listlessly turning over some West Indian correspondence; "well, I suppose everybody ought to marry, though such a thing never occurred to me before. Have you given this gentleman an affirmative answer?"

"No."

"Are your feelings particularly engaged in the matter?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, then, madam," said he, turning round his office stool, "if that be the case, and if you could dispense with courtship for which I have no time, and think you could be comfortable with me, I am your humble servant to command."

There were people who thought that the lady had a purpose in going there, but if so, she prudently disguised it. She said she would consider the matter. The Bristol merchant saw her out with the same coolness as if she was merely one of his correspondents, and when she was gone five minutes, was once more immersed in his letters and ledgers. A day or two after, he had a communication from the lady, accepting his offer, very considerably excusing him from an elaborate courtship, and leaving him to name the "most convenient day." They were married.

STRANGE ACTS OF EDITORS.—We are frequently much astonished at the conduct of our brethren of the press. They do most "unaccountable" things. One of them recently made the following unprecedented announcement: "We respectfully decline A Young Maiden's Kiss." The fellow was crazy, without doubt. Another is positively inhuman; hear him: "My Dying Mother cannot be admitted!" We suppress his name out of regard to the profession. A third makes the following startling announcement: "The Golden Bible is rejected." We wouldn't like to shake hands with that "brother." A fourth, in this strange catalogue, says, in his last issue: "Mullowney's Christmas Pudding shall go in next week." We admire his taste. May good digestion wait on appetite.

A few days ago a young lady, in Cincinnati, named Tompkins, fell dead just as she had finished dressing for a ball.

Choice Poetry.

Electricity.

Along the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepers heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.
No peal or flash, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray;
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

No summer heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course,
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
Their rough and sweeping force.
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day;
They rush with news of woe or woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who bows in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray—
Maintaining converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Aye, though no outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighings of that humble heart
Are known and felt in heaven.
Those long, frail wires may bend and break,
Those voiceless heralds stray;
But faith's heart thought shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

He is Coming.

The crescent moon goes up the blue,
His beam betrays each flower;
The distant spire looms up to view
Beyond your castle's tower.
Haste, dearest, to the cot of love—
The coming I await;
The deepening shadows seem to prove
That thou, my love, art late.

Our baby, Ina, rests her head,
And slumbers on my knee;
She watched the ripples as they sped,
While I, dear, watched for thee.
I've opened the little wicket wide,
And all is ready quite;
I sit the loiterer, waiting
His coming with delight.

Old Tomzart! What sees he now?
Ah! footfalls greet my ear;
I see a bold and noble brow—
It is not that we part;
A manly voice I hear.
His comings! Ina, wake, my child,
In dreams no longer roam;
But tune thy voice to accents mild,
To greet the loved one home.

To a Coquette.

Yes! tear from that false hand the ring
You vowed with truth to wear;
For now it is a worthless thing—
Why should it linger there?
Sweet hopes were once around it wreathed,
'Twas then a shining token,
Of all those vows, so fondly breathed,
And ah! so lightly broken.

Yet think not that I would upbraid,
Or of my fate complain—
I would not have the words unsaid
That made me free again;
No! if a pang my bosom wrings,
It is not that we part;
But that I did not sooner fling
Such fetters from my heart.

I yield thee to my rival's grasp—
The hand how'er'd divine,
That trembles in another's grasp
May rest no more in mine;
Then, trifle, go! but when thou art
By pain and sorrow crossed;
Thou wilt regret the proud, true heart
Thy heedless folly lost.

MERCANTILE HONESTY OF A TURK.

"A Year with the Turks."—There is one passage that testifies admirably to Turkish honesty, while it shows how a person who does not practice the "beat-down" system is liable to get cheated this side of Turkey.

Only a little trait of Turkish honesty may I introduce, as it happened to fall under my own observation. A friend of mind wandering through the bazaars wished to buy an embroidered handkerchief of a Turkish shopkeeper. He asked the price. "Seventy-five piastres." "No," said he, aware that it is usual among all traders, whatever their creed, to ask at first more than the value, "that is too much, I will give you seventy;" and as the dealer seemed to nod assent he counted out the money. But his surprise was great when the great bearded Osman, gravely pushing back to him twenty piastres, observed, "this is more than the just price. It is always the custom here to bargain over a thing down to its fair value, and as fifty piastres is my fair price, those twenty belong to you." Verily, not a few among our professing Christians, might take a lesson from the believer in the Koran.

JUSTICE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—In the Hillsboro' Common Pleas one Geo. A. Leavitt, convicted of robbing his father of \$15, under threats of stabbing him, was sentenced to the State prison for life.

Wanted a Partner.

There is a great deal of good sense in the following, which we cut from one of our late exchanges. "We dare be sworn," however, that the writer of it has already formed a partnership with "one of the softer sex." That's the kind of a partnership we should like.

What does a trader want with a partner? Can't he control his own business? Can't he do it without assistance? Is he incompetent to manage the machinery of a large concern? Because if he is he had better sell out.

"Look, stock and barrel."

If he gets a partner, the latter will have to do most of the work, and that is hardly a fair way of doing things. We advocate the doctrine that every man ought to get along through this world on his own book. The only partner he requires is one of the softer sex. By-the-way, speaking of that kind of (ought-to-be) silent partner, a rhymester draws a contrast between the taste of a fop and a practical man in that respect. In the fop's mouth he places the following words:

"I want a partner," said a little fop: "She must have nimble feet, and pretty face; One who can thread the merry dance, and hop Through all the polkas with becoming grace. I'll lead her through the stately ball, Circling round or gliding left and right; I want a girl that can eclipse them all, To be my partner thro' this mirthful night."

The prudential genius is made to discourse in this wise:

"I want a partner," said a thoughtful youth, "She must have inward grace and modest look; A heart for duty, eyes lit up with truth, Words as gentle as the whispering brook. I'll lead her gently through life's chequering way."

My own beloved and loving, loving wife; To be my partner through this changeable life."

Partnerships are very tender arrangements at the best—matrimonial or ceremonial. They should never be formed without reflection and the utmost care. It is easy to make but it is not easy to unmake them.

Tastes Differ.

In a lecture on what he has seen abroad, Wendell Phillips observes:

In Italy you see a man breaking up his land with two cows and the root of a tree for a plough, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw wood, he does not bring a horse along. He never had one, or his father before him. He puts one end of the saw on the ground and the other on his breast, and taking the wood in his hand, rubs against the saw. It is a solemn fact, that in Florence, a city filled with the triumph of art, there is not a single augur, and if a carpenter would bore a hole, he does it with a red-hot poker! This results not from the want of industry, but of sagacity of thought. The people are by no means idle.

They toil early and late, men, women and children, with an industry that shames labor-saving Yankees. Thus he makes labor that the poor may live. In Rome, charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules, bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule could draw all of it in a cart. But the charcoal vender never had a cart, and so he keeps his mules and feeds them. This is from no want of industry, but there is no competition.

A Yankee always looks haggard and nervous, as though he were chasing a dollar. With us money is everything; and when we go abroad, we are surprised to find that the dollar has ceased to be almighty. If a Yankee refuses to do a job for fifty cents, he will probably do it for a dollar, and he will certainly do it for five. But one of the lazzaroni of Naples, will work no more than that day if you offer him ever so large a sum. He has earned enough for that day and wants no more. So there is no eagerness for making money, no motive for it, and everybody moves slowly.

The French Government has prohibited the distillation of spirits from corn or other breadstuffs.

A True Story.

C. F. Clarkson, former editor of the Indiana American, who is now travelling in Tennessee, narrates the following story in a letter published in the Brooklyn (Ind.) Democrat:

"Let me recite to you the true history of a man whose farm was passed over yesterday. About fifteen years ago a Presbyterian clergyman of New York had a wayward son. Before he was seventeen he became so reckless and unruly that his father could not control him. He left for the wicked city of New York, where he became a clerk in a drinking saloon, but his character was too bad to be retained there. He next was a bar-keeper in a theatre, but was soon dismissed. He went lower and still lower, until he slept in empty cellars and on the wharves of the city, a perfect nuisance and disgrace to his race. At this stage of his career, an old college mate determined he would hunt him up and make one more effort to save him. He went to New York, and after a week of diligent search, with the aid of the police, he found him. He washed and clothed him, took him back to the country, and by every inducement that could be held out to him, persuaded him to try to be man. He made the effort, and was successful. They both determined to come to Tennessee to teach school. They soon reached here, and with the high recommendations they brought, soon obtained good places. The reclaimed son of the Presbyterian clergyman, within six months after his arrival, married an orphan girl worth \$40,000 in cash. She had a younger sister and a brother who each had equal amounts. The sister soon after died, leaving one-half of her estate to our hero and his wife, and the other half to her brother, thus increasing his estate to \$60,000. When the Mexican war broke out the brother enlisted, and made a will leaving all his estate to his brother-in-law (our hero) and his wife, in case he never returned from the war. He, like many others of our noble youths, was killed at Buena Vista. Thus our hero came in possession of the entire estate of the family, which at first was \$120,000, and has increased by advance of lands and increase of negroes, to over \$300,000. He is now one of the richest planters of Middle Tennessee, and does not live twenty-five miles from Nashville.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.—A "spiritual marriage" (so called) came off at Painesville, Ohio, on the 15th of October. The bride was one Julia Hurlbut, and the bridegroom a doctor of the same name. The ceremony consisted of matrimonial declarations made by themselves in the presence of the friends, about fifty being present. The services consisted of the following poetical announcement:—"Have you seen the morning sunbeam kiss the opening blossom? Thus did our spirits meet and greet at the first interview; and as the invisible elements of nature unite and blend in one harmonious impulse, so are our spirits affinitized into one accordant living force. Whoever are thus united by the certain laws of affinity, naught has the power to separate. We thus introduce ourselves unto you in the relation of husband and wife."

Sheer nonsense!

Mr. T. R. Mesbitt, of Calloway county, Mo., has lately sold three mules at \$400 per head.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one, but if you are asked what o'clock it is tell it.

There is a college in the South Sea Islands for the education of native men and their wives, which has sent out more than one hundred and thirty missionaries.

Ladies of a certain age may perhaps envy the Emperor of China one of his luxuries—his birthday is celebrated but once in ten years.

An Eccentric Will.

Mr. Railing, of New Hampshire, England, was among the victims of the late Railroad accident, between Brighton and London. His heirs, after having paid him the customary funeral honors, did what all heirs do in similar cases, opened the will of the deceased, to ascertain what share each was to have in his posthumous liberality. As he had never given a penny to either of his relatives, during his lifetime, they expected to be the richer, now he was no more. One may imagine the surprise caused by the first line of the will:

"This is my will and testament.—I give and bequeath all my goods, present or future, moveable or immovable, in England or on the continent, to that Railroad Company on whose Road I have had the happiness to meet with death, that blessed deliverance from my terrestrial prison."

Further on, the testator gave his reasons for his bequest. The idea had taken firm possession of his mind that he was destined to die a violent death, and the most desirable one in his view was that caused by the explosion of a locomotive. He travelled, therefore, constantly on the Railroads in England, Belgium and France. There was not a station where he was not known. All the conductors were familiar with his peculiar costume. He had narrowly escaped death several times. Once he was shut up in a car under the water; another time he was in the next car to the one that was shattered, and he described with the greatest enthusiasm those terrible accidents, when he saw death so near, without being able to obtain it. Disappointed in Europe, he went to the United States. He made frequent excursions on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Ontario, the Niagara, but notwithstanding their frequent explosions, he returned with whole skin. He was destined to be crushed under a car of the mother country. It is said that the relatives will attempt to break the will, on the ground of insanity, but it is probable that the railroad will win the suit in spite of the proverb that the murderer never inherits from his victim.

The Clock at St. Paul's, London.

The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end of it is one hundred pounds; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dial is fifteen feet; and the length of the hour hand is eight feet, and the weight of each 75 pounds; the length of the hour figures 2 feet and 24 inches.—In the face of the dial is an aperture of about a foot square, through which visitors are allowed to protrude their heads to observe the hands in motion, the minute hand making a considerable leap at each swing of the pendulum. A gentleman was at one time indulging his curiosity in this way, the hand being above his head, and afterwards turning to look below, remained in that position, until on attempting to move he found the minute hand close upon the back of his neck, and was totally unable to extricate himself. In a short time he would have been inevitably suffocated, even if decapitation had not ensued. Fortunately, a friend was with him, who hastily summoned assistance, and the clock was stopped just in time to save his life. Since that time the guide takes care to caution visitors against prolonging their observations at a certain period in every hour. The fine-tuned bell which strikes, is clearly distinguished from every other bell in the metropolis, and has been audible at the distance of twenty miles. It is about ten feet in diameter, and is said to weigh four and a half tons. The bell is tolled on the death of any member of the royal family, of the Lord Mayor, Bishop of London, or the Dean of the Cathedral. The whole expense for building the Cathedral was about a million and a half pounds sterling.